

11630.d.8  
11

THE  
TEMPLE of FASHION:

A  
P O E M.

I N F I V E P A R T S.

---

By S. J O H N S O N, M. A.

---

10

---

S H R E W S B U R Y:

Printed for the AUTHOR, and sold by P. SANDFORD, and T. WOOD:

Sold also by J. BEW, in Pater-Noster Row, LONDON.

M, DCC, LXXXI.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.]

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK



( 71 )

---

To the Rev. Mr. ARNOLD, Chaplain to  
the Right Rev. the BISHOP of LICHFIELD  
and COVENTRY.

S I R,

**T**HE obliging treatment I received from you, some years ago, at CAMBRIDGE, made so deep an impression on my mind, that I have ever since wished most earnestly for an opportunity of acknowledging it: I am afraid indeed, you will think it a strange kind of return in me to do so by taking a liberty, which seems itself to require an apology.

The greatest part of the following lines have been repeatedly taken up, and thrown by again as unworthy of perusal; but, having lately formed them into something like a Poem, and being encouraged by having frequently past the Ordeal of Criticism unurt, I am so bold as to offer them to the Public, and to Yourself in particular, not indeed without many apprehensions.—A good intention is not sufficient to skreen them from  
censure,



censure, nor am I so unreasonable as either to expect, or wish it. While they are meant to glance at defects in les petites morales, and more seriously to attack errors of a deeper nature, I wish they may not be thought to breathe a spirit of severity, which may pass well enough in the regions of PARNASSUS, but is by no means agreeable to the benevolence of our profession, and your immediate characteristic.

It is difficult, however, to restrain the feelings of indignation, when one takes a view of some characters, as it is to suppress the effusions of esteem on contemplating others.—Excuse me therefore, if I abruptly, tho' with great respect, subscribe myself,

Your most obliged,

Obedient humble Servant,

S. JOHNSON.



# TEMPLE of FASHION.

## PART I.

*A description of the Temple—The universal homage paid to FASHION—The parent of false Taste—Reflections on it's opposite—True Taste unknown to Pedants—Scholars, possessors of it, sometimes liable to rude treatment from Persons of Fashion—Unhappy influence of false Taste on the inconsiderate part of the Fair Sex apparent in the choice of false Ornaments and Admirers.*

**A** Place there is—(let not *Sir Critic* ween,  
That in imagination lies the scene)  
Beyond the human ken, far above ground,  
High pois'd in air;—where, softly swelling round,

B

Th'

Th' elastic element a radiance throws,  
 And ev'ry object to advantage shows,  
 Brilliant beyond description; where the eye  
 Is lost in infinite variety;  
 Where ev'ry landscape at a second view  
 Gathers fresh charms, and grows entirely new;  
 Tho' in itself complete it seem, and such  
 As scorn improvement; at a single touch  
 New beauties rise; and those, which charm'd before,  
 (Matter to marvel at) now charm no more.  
 Towering on high, by num'rous Artists plann'd,  
 A Temple swells;—a Goddess waves her wand,  
 And 'tis the same no more; for strange, tho' true,  
 As the lands change, the Temple changes too:  
 Of ev'ry order, and of ev'ry size  
 Proud arches bend, and stately columns rise;  
 All diff'rent much, for all in this agree  
 To shun insipid regularity.

But



But above all, most gorgeous to behold,  
 Streaming on silk, and glittering on gold,  
 With characters of undiminish'd blaze,  
 Aloft in air, a pageant proudly plays;  
 On which some FOLLY read; some, better bred,  
 Read—FASHION.

High on a jasper or a fardine throne,  
 (Which I forget, but a most brilliant one,)  
 The Goddess sits in more than regal state;  
 While prostrate myriads in devotion wait  
 Her dread commands; while proudest Tyrants bend,  
 And, foes to all, aspire to call her friend.  
 A motley tribe of ev'ry Kind, Degree,  
 Age, Sex, and Clime here bend the ready knee:  
 Peasants, and Potentates; Sinners, and Saints;  
 Whom honour mentions, or whom slander taints;  
 Book-worms unread; and Warriors yet untried;  
 Patriots unbrib'd; Heroes undeified;

Wits



Wits yet unknown; or known, yet unadmired;  
 Patrons unsung, and singing Bards untir'd;  
 Divines, who sanctity supreme profess'd;  
 Soldiers, who made that sanctity their jest;  
 Misers, who never worship'd ought but self;  
 And Fops, whose worship is confin'd to self;  
 All, one and all surround the sacred shrine,  
 And zealously address the Power divine:  
 E'en Atheists do, what Atheists scorn'd before,  
 Confess the Deity, and aid implore.

Yet still unmov'd she sits, nor hears the loud  
 Harsh voice of clamour bursting from the croud;  
 Her whole attention taken with the charms  
 Of a young Brat, she fondles in her arms;  
 Bells and a coral dangling at his waist,  
 Some call him TRIFLE, but she calls him TASTE.\*

\* It may seem strange, that the Parent and Child are here reversed, that Taste is represented as the offspring of Fashion: yet thus it is very frequently in real life; many having no pretence at all to Taste, but by complying with the laws of Fashion.

Now

Th' obsequious throng to give the Mother joy  
 Turn all their homage to this fav'rite Boy:  
 Now may you see, divested of his pride,  
 The Statesman mount his hobby-horse, and ride:  
 See hoary Veterans from the land of Law  
 Play with a rattle, knuckle down to taw:  
 With gesture awkward, and distortion wild,  
 Adapted to the whimsies of a child;  
 Wisdom must bend; and, if a suckling rule,  
 In compliment to folly, play the fool.

So fares it off in Wedlock's honour'd house,  
 Madam a Monarch, and my Lord a Mouse:  
 Haply the Fair's affections all confin'd  
 To some male monster of the baboon kind;  
 To him fond Spouse addresses all his prate,  
 And, as he woos the Monkey, wins his Mate.

The Muse a truant, for the chanc'd to roam  
 Through idle curiosity from home,



Look'd round, and seeing many a secret foe,  
 But not one friend she knew, or wish'd to know;  
 Chagrin'd, and much disgusted at the scene,  
 Return'd in haste, and thus indulg'd her spleen:

To reach the summit of that graceful ease,  
 Which gives the power, nor wants the will to please;  
 Without parade display th' extensive mind,  
 Enrich'd by reading, by remark refin'd;  
 Known to the Great and Good, esteem'd where known,  
 To make the volume of Mankind our own;  
 Be what we learn, and act whate'er we teach;  
 All Virtue doth, Ambition burns to reach;  
 For this hath Science toil'd from age to age;  
 And Learning left his labour'd lengthen'd page:  
 For this the Warrior fought, the Scholar wrote;  
 Critics by rule, and Blockheads preach'd by rote.

Many there are, who callous to the fire  
 Of genius, to the Critic's praise aspire;

From



From language draw the strength of ages past,  
 And, for they know it not, despise the last;  
 Whose brain turns sentiment's sweet milk to curds,  
 Rejecting all save a crude mass of words.

I know thee, Pedantry! and knowing, hate  
 That load of lumber on thy leaden pate;  
 That dignity, which aims, yet fails to soar,  
 Mark'd with effrontery much, but dulness more;  
 When bumpkin-Pride, self-plauding, seems to glow,  
 That he acquires, what Taste disdains to know.

A few there are, (most happy are those few)  
 Who, led through Art by Nature's faithful clew,  
 Enjoy whatever Theory can give,  
 And in their practice all its precepts live:  
 In whose warm bosom Science throws her seed,  
 Nurtures each flower, and roots up ev'ry weed:  
 Yet, if by chance a Character so strange  
 Into the realm of Fashion blindly range;

A thousand

A thousand singularities appear;  
 A thousand whisper'd insults wound his ear;  
 What! tho' his heart be large, exalted, such  
 As trembling turns to Nature's tender touch;  
 The coxcomb-herd disdain him; at a view  
*Sir* MACARONI reads him through and through:

"A Gentleman, my dear, in such a suit!  
 "Oh, 'tis impossible, the Man's a Brute!"

Nor can we wonder, when the Bold and Brave  
 To Fashion bend, that Beauty is her slave:  
 See Woman's lovely form (which but to see  
 Awakes the soul of sensibility)  
 A slave to habits, which she can't approve!  
 Doom'd, like a puppet, upon wires to move:  
 Made her sole Tutor in discourse, in dress:  
 The more she strives to please, still pleasing less;  
 Whether a gloomy shade o'erwhelm her brow,  
 While other features look, she cares not how;  
 Or,

A thousand



Or, like a pyramid, (she knows not why)  
 Turret on turret climb into the sky;  
 Whether her maiden-waist be scarce a span,  
 Or bolster'd swell, a compliment to Man;  
 Whether her coat's a dozen fathoms round,  
 Or sweep in dirty dignity the ground;  
 Whether, penurious of her parts, she seek,  
 Like potted wood-cock, but to show her beak;  
 Or, past our hopes, indulgently display,  
 What fancy's prying eye would best convey;  
 Whether her age or temper, not too meek,  
 Hath torn the damask roses from her cheek,  
 Obsequious Art restores the shatter'd scene;  
 And stale Fourscore outblushes sweet Fourteen:  
 Of shame or singularity afraid,  
 She walks through life in modish masquerade,  
 And Fashion pleads; but 'tis a strange defence  
 To laugh down Reason, and insult o'er Sense.



This Taste, display'd at large in choice of clothes,  
Shows equal influence in the choice of Beaux,  
Those necessary implements of dress;  
If Fashion deck them, Beauty will carefs.

Take the most arrant Puppy, born and bred,  
Whose brain is feather, and whose heart is lead,  
Let him be vain, insensible, absurd,  
Fickle in thought, false to his plighted word,  
Or oath—(pardon me, pretty ones, for these  
May be the dear accomplishments that please!)  
Let him be any thing, except a Clown,  
Stamp him with Fashion, and the Fop goes down.

## P A R T II.

*The danger of French Manners being introduced with French Fashions to the ruin of conjugal happiness—MADAN'S THELYPHTHORA likely to be well received by Men of a libertine cast—The indignity offered to the Fair Sex by that publication—Its mistaken principles of happiness pointed out.*

**T**HOU Tyrant FASHION, spite of grace and ease,  
 Thine iron precepts bend us as they please;  
 Take ev'ry awkward, ev'ry hideous shape,  
 To charm at home, to flock us at the CAPE,  
 Mimic a monkey, personate a bear,  
 To give God's image a genteeler air:  
 Thy magic hand conciliates all extremes,  
 Folly's blind whims, and Frenzy's waking dreams.

Curse on these Arts, or any Arts like these,  
 Which, by distorting Nature, dare to please!

When



When FRANCE, (refining on some Gothic plan  
 To dignify the Brute, dishonour Man)  
 Mars Woman, gifted as she is to please  
 The soul, and ev'ry sense with rapture seize;  
 Divests an Angel of her happiest dower,  
 Her elegance, and taints the fairest flower.

Nor is the fever to the form confin'd;  
 Its fell contagion fastens on the mind.

The blessed time may come—(Heav'n spare our lives!)  
 When married Men no longer shall have Wives;  
 Nor tasty Wives have Husbands of their own,  
 But be to all Mankind much better known;  
*No Children run to kiss their Sire's return;*  
 No pulse shall beat, no gen'rous passion burn;  
 When all, that Britons feel, shall fade away  
 Beneath bright Fashion's universal ray.

The time may come—nor think it far behind,  
 When conscience hoodwink'd, and religion blind,

When



When reason, tainted by the vicious leaven,  
 To purchase Hell shall freely part with Heaven.  
 Where's the proud Rebel, that shall disobey,  
 If Fashion condescend to point the way,  
 The smooth broad way into Perdition's den,  
 From which good Heaven divert all honest men!  
 Tho' Paradise should wide unfolded lie  
 With boundless bliss to catch the ravish'd eye;  
 Still must we err, tho' MAHOMET should teach,  
 And scorn his Wives for those, within our reach.  
 Is there? What is there not in thought, in word,  
 Or deed so heteroclite, so much absurd,  
 But Man delights in? spite of every rule  
 Of fate, but some consummate fool  
 Will dare attempt?—\* Ye Gods, resign your skies,  
 This little world will never half suffice!

Our good Forefathers, a cold blooded crew,  
 Trembled to pluck the fruit, within their view;

\* *Celum ipsum petimus stultitid.* Hor.

Each homely JOAN held DARBY to her side;  
 A servile bridegroom, and despotic bride:  
 Now courts the sense a far more liberal plan,  
 To cheer the spirits of desponding Man:  
 STANHOPE design'd it with his courtly wit,  
 And MADAN builds it firm on holy writ;  
 Not, like a modern orthodox Divine,  
 Avowing doctrines, which his deeds decline;  
 He, pious Preacher, the fair Saints among  
 Exemplifies the tenets of his tongue;  
 Fondly selects the mistress of the hour,  
 And leads her blushing to the nuptial bower.

“ Dear Guide, sweet Teacher, may your own kind heart  
 “ Largely enjoy the blessings you impart!  
 “ May you, for ever blooming, ever young,  
 “ The tuneful topic of each female tongue,  
 “ Unaw'd by duty, unrestrain'd by power,  
 “ Wed many a maid, and pocket many a dower;

“ Range



- " Range gaily round the merry meads of bliss ;  
 " Kiss all you please, and please all you kiss ;  
 " Ours be the task, with weak but willing mind,  
 " To trace thy footsteps reverently behind.  
 " Oh ! had it been my blessed fate to know  
 " These charming truths some twenty years ago,  
 " I had not thank'd my stars, a simple sot,  
 " That only one good Woman was my lot :  
 " Like wife King SOLOMON, in princely pride,  
 " A sweet Seraglio sparkling by my side,  
 " I might have cherish'd my five hundredth Bride  
 " Henceforward will I act a braver part,  
 " And wrap thy pious counsels round my heart :  
 " All shall be honour'd with the transient chain,  
 " Nor Beauty breathe one virgin-sigh in vain :  
 " Imperial JUNO shall in turn obey,  
 " And yield her throne to PHILLIS of to-day ;  
 " Nor PHILLIS shall please long ;—to-morrow's Bride  
 " Shall throw the useless Animal aside."

Thus

Thus sings LOTHARIO in licentious strain,  
Grasping at pleasure, but embracing pain.

And can it be, infatuate Sons of Sense,  
So abject are your souls, so very dense?  
So dead to all the nameless charities,  
Which Love's celestial filken cordage ties;  
When he consigns to HYMEN'S hallow'd care  
With interwoven souls the faithful pair?  
Delightful antidote to ev'ry wo!  
Heaven's own best gift! Is Woman sunk so low?  
Woman, whose soul-taught eye, whose ev'ry sense  
Beams with refinement and intelligence;  
Is she but form'd a transient bliss to yield,  
In common with the tenants of the field?  
Go, visit ACHMET!—See, the Tyrant sighs,  
Embosom'd in his earthly paradise!  
The Captive-maiden robb'd of half her charms,  
He clasps a lifeless phantom in his arms;  
While Beauty weeps, unfortunately fair,  
*And wastes her sweetness on the desert air.*

PART



## P A R T III.

*A Passion for Novelty the reigning Taste, introducing Absurdity—Law, Physick, and Divinity under its influence—PRIESTLEY's materiality of the soul—False Taste exemplified in the Virtuoso, the Epicure and the Gamester—Liber-tines supported by Fashion in their designs on the Fair Sex—Fatal consequences.*

**T**HOUSANDS, by dearth of common sense disgrac'd,  
Are Connoisseurs supreme in things of Taste.

To modernize your mansion, lawn your lands,  
Consult Sir WILLIAM—mark his sage commands:  
“Hence with that hamlet, desolate yon wood,  
“Down with those hills, and roll a copious flood!  
“Sweep from my sight that distant winding road!  
“Hideous to see the waggon's lumbering load!  
“Let not a vestige of the human race  
“Our elegant simplicity disgrace!

F

“Dress

“ Dress the whole View with verdure fresh and fine ;  
 “ Ten thousand more complete the brave design : ”  
 ’Tis done—the Desert widens many a mile ;  
 Sit down contented,—you may starve in style.

Systems are mutable:—the reigning Mode  
 Is all establish’d maxims to explode,  
 Our Gothic Predecessors to deride :  
 What Man of Taste takes Reason for his Guide ?  
 Talk of Experience—nothing so misleads :  
 ’Tis the mean harbinger of little deeds.

Who practise CULLEN, or who study BURN,  
 Shall shortly have a different taste to learn.  
 Religion takes her colour from the times,  
 By modish means to ABRAHAM’S bosom climbs.

Would you for eminence of worth be known ?  
 Cling to the Fashion—Be the *Ton*, the *Ton* !

Would



Would you—(Alas, what Mortal Man but would?)  
 Blaze out a Star of the first magnitude?  
 To Wealth, to Honour wing your rapid way?  
 Strike something novel out, something *outré*;  
 Something, which common sense would disavow;  
 Wrap it in syllogisms—no matter how;  
 Piously warm with metaphysic spleen,  
 Prove Man a mere automatus Machine;  
 A Clock, whose notes for ever shall be dumb,  
 When Death's cold finger stops his pendulum;  
 Prove PRIESTLEY wife, prove \*GIFFORD void of sense;  
 †HOWARD a stranger to benevolence;  
 Prove ‡HAYLEY destitute (except his rhyme)  
 Of all that charms us in the Bard sublime;  
 §SEWARD inelegant, and void of grace,  
 Pathetic only in a charming face.

\* See his masterly answer to PRIESTLEY;

† State of Prisons in EUROPE.

‡ Essay on History, &c.

§ Elegy on Capt. Cook, &c. Monody on Major André.

Nothing

Nothing to human feelings so absurd,  
 But fond Credulity will take your word;  
 And where our humours join, no Boor so blind  
 Not to adore his own reflected mind.

This Man I honour! Oh, his Taste's divine!  
 (Excellent reason!) for he honours mine:  
 That I despise—his foibles are well known;  
 Just the reverse of what I make my own.

In one 'tis pictures;—in another wine;  
 In FLORIO all, that's exquisitely fine;  
 Buried in dress and equipage, the Clown  
 Starts up a Fop, and captivates the Town.

Call we it Taste? Oh yes, the Top of Taste!  
 When old ÆRUGO lays whole acres waste,  
 Bows down the venerable Woods, to buy  
 (Treasure immense!)—a Fossil, or a Fly.

Doubt



Doubt we the taste of HELLUO?—See him feed!  
 But first a mighty Hecatomb must bleed;  
 Assemblage strange of beast, of fowl, of fish  
 Regales his palate with one favourite dish:  
 Fed NOAH thus—Creation must have died,  
 Scarce half a meal but decently supplied:  
 Clean or unclean, alike he finds their use;  
 And draws from rottenness the richest juice:  
 Sense sickens at the sight;—with strong disgust  
 Nature recoils at so deprav'd a lust;  
 Contemns the Savage, and his wasted wealth,  
 And eats her salads with the *gout* of health.

Read Time's remarks—the STAGIRITE could tell,  
 That Temperance enjoys life full as well;  
 And thousands more, at least as wise as he,  
 Have prov'd the maxim by their—luxury.

Lo; my young Lord, just bursten from the shell  
 With eagle-pinions, or, (what's quite as well)

G

With

With the gay plumage of a Peer, essays  
 The world's wide waste, and all its wily ways!  
 In one good hour (we must not call it Vice)  
 With one good Man, one honest pair of dice  
 Discharges his rapacious Father's debt  
 Of Ufury with all, the wretch could get;  
 Or (death to ev'ry generous hope!) the spoils  
 Which honour wore, reward of glorious toils,  
 For succour yielded, or for service done,  
 A King supported, or a Kingdom won,  
 Transmitted thro' a line of noble  
 Brave and generous Ancestry—All, all they gave  
 Upon some Knave of Fashion thrown away:  
 But lost with Taste, for Taste would have him play.

To laugh at infamy, and spurn at fame,  
 To lavish wealth, and shatter a weak frame  
 Is fine no doubt, nor past a doubt less fine  
 Without the fire of Youth, or flame of wine,

Without



Without one simple superficial plea,  
 Which fools advance, and only fools obey,  
 Without the rage of appetite to waste  
 On the wild whimsys of some Wanton's taste  
 The portion of a Wife, whose loyal heart  
 Bends to the grave beneath affliction's dart;  
 The bread of future Innocents, whose need  
 For life shall tell the kind paternal deed.

Brave these exploits!—nor yet the merit less,  
 With the smooth tongue of modish *politesse*,  
 Under a mask of well dissembled love  
 Thro' pleasure's fairest walks at large to rove;  
 Wherever Youth in beauty's highest bloom  
 O'er Nature's garden throws a full perfume,  
 Beneath the guardian hand of innocence,  
 Unfullied by the rude rough touch of sense,  
 Wherever loveliness, like this, be found,  
 There, like a mildew, blasting beauty round,

Move

Move all earth's powers; and, if the Fair excel  
 Sublime in virtue, add the powers of hell  
 To work her fall, and taint her virgin-fame  
 For ever, tho' CLARISSA be her name.

Snatch from a Parent's bosom the sweet prey,  
 And fix disgrace, which never shall decay;  
 Give to the ruffian world the ruin'd Maid,  
 Her love with scorn, her tears with insult paid:  
 Down, down, what business has Angelic worth,  
 To class with these corrupted sons of Earth!  
 Hence let her honour be the Drunkard's song;  
 Or sport of each obscene Vixen's tongue!

Triumph ye Prudes!—Ye Spoilers, boast your spoil!  
 Glorious the conquest that awaits your toil!  
 Glorious, by lies and perjuries to gain  
 For those, who love you, infamy and pain!  
 Yes, 'tis the Mode, and much desert there lies  
 In all such fashionable villanies.

Let



Let Passion swear, and Beauty still shall smile,  
 Subdu'd by falshood, tho' she view the guile:  
 Hence Brother-rakes exulting cry *encore*,  
 And the dear Toad goes on to poison more.

Yet for the Man of Taste 'tis nobler far,  
 Where happiness entwines the wedded Pair;  
 Where merit, founded on benevolence,  
 Gives the full tone to every finer sense;  
 Where, cherish'd by the gentle hand of Love,  
 The softer passions in sweet union move;  
 Blooming as EDEN's roses, where they blow;  
 There, there infernal jealousy to sow:  
 Ay, tho' your friend,—friendship exalts the deed;  
 Debauch his Spouse, and bastardize his Breed;  
 Strike through his soul a pang so foul, so fell,  
 No medicine can relieve, no time dispel:  
 Should the Wretch feel for honour more than life;  
 Send him to heaven, and take the Cuckold's wife.

H

What!

What! tho' thy desperate hand hath snapt, like twine,  
 Each moral function human or divine;  
 Tho' thy proud heart defy Correction's rod,  
 Trample on Man, and tremble not at God;  
 Fame's hallow'd trump thy bright renown shall raise,  
 And each black deed revert with double praise:  
 No taint shall touch thy name, no tyrant-law  
 Shall dare imprint on thee her harpy-claw;  
 Where'er thy step, choice blessings shall attend;  
 The Fair caress thee, and the Brave befriend,

PART



## P A R T IV.

*Ladies in general not sufficiently distinguishing the meritorious part of the other Sex—frequently the cause of duels—The Duellist a slave to Fashion—Revenge brutal—Invocation to Christianity—The Fashion to explode its benevolent doctrines supported by HUME, opposed by Doctor ADAMS and Doctor BEATTIE—tending to direct blasphemy—Miserable instance of the want of Religion in the Suicide—Modern Patriotism a fashionable cloak for Self-interest.*

**T**HINK not, ye Fair, the Muse, a foe to truth,  
At merit's aspect aims her pointed tooth:

Oh, were but beauty's animating beam

There only felt, where merit claims esteem;

Where innocence of heart, (earth's highest grace)

Stamps heaven's impression upon manhood's face,

And throws a radiance round the front of worth

Surpassing far the boasted pride of birth!

Would she from her exalted seat look down

With smiles on truth, on flattery with a frown;

That

That generous just distinction dare to make,  
 Which marks the man of honour from the rake;  
 Nor let the slave, who strikes at Virtue's root,  
 Stretch his bold hand, and crop forbidden fruit;  
 Ten thousand Ills, which walk the world at large,  
 And melancholy's bitter cup surcharge,  
 Would die unknown!—The Brave would burn to gain  
 That full applause, which Cowards court in vain:  
 Murder, cool Murder, born of blackest night,  
 Would hide his ghastly visage from the light,  
 Abhorr'd his precepts, so much cultur'd now,  
 And torn the wreath of honour from his brow..

For ev'ry error—Oh, the curse of Taste!  
 A look misconstru'd, or a word misplac'd;  
 For ev'ry trifle, howsoe'er absurd,  
 To thirst for blood, to bathe the brutal sword  
 In the firm Friend—with black impiety,  
 Uninjur'd, trample on each sacred tie,

That



That nature, or that gratitude can give  
Conscience must die, that Character may live.

Thou Strumpet-Honour, with false colours grac'd,  
By courage as by cowardice embrac'd,  
How many gallant Spirits hast thou won!  
How many gallant Spirits hast undone!  
That stream, which greatly for its Country flows,  
Dread of false shame on Infamy bestows:  
Yet, where's the Breast, insensible of pain,  
When gross Affront imprints an hellish stain;  
When all Mankind to rivet the disgrace  
Avoid him, as a scandal to their race?  
Where's the poor Wretch, of soul so meanly meek,  
Who to the Scorners turns a willing cheek;  
Bids Insult's coward hand repeat the blow,  
And suffers more, than Man was made to know?  
Deep wounded Sense through ev'ry vein must bleed,  
And own the cause, tho' Reason blame the deed;

I For

For if our Life be infamous, can Death  
Amend it, that we haste to part with breath?

Ah, nobler far, far more exalted joys  
Await the power, that blesses, than destroys!  
Revenge knows no content, unfated fore,  
And, fatiated, more wretched than before:  
Fierce Wrath his harbinger, and Oh, dread curse!  
Behind him flouches, the foul fiend, Remorse.

Come Christianity, celestial Maid,  
In every lineament of worth array'd,  
Oh, from thy blest abodes awhile descend,  
And teach Mankind to be to Man a friend!  
Like thine own Master, with affections kind,  
Breathe thy sweet temper on the vengeful mind;  
Teach soft reply to sheathe the slanderous tongue,  
And Charity to calm the rage of wrong:  
Ah me, in vain the wish! a different Taste  
Prevails, while every Virtue is disgrac'd,

That



That characters the Christian—through the land  
 Stalks Infidelity; at HUME's command  
 All SATAN's engines, rang'd in black array,  
 Against the Throne of GOD their impious vengeance play.

Struck with his fair false front, and daring stride,  
 To aid his impotence, and swell his pride,  
 Apostate thousands to his banners run,  
 And, deaf to mercy, speed to be undone.

In vain did \*ABDIEL plead, in vain his Zeal  
 Breath'd honest ardour for his Master's weal,  
 Breath'd Wisdom's sweetest voice; tho' BEATTIE came  
 With truth divine to quell th' infernal flame,  
 Still, still untam'd the dire contagion burns,  
 And under different shapes at times returns.

Yet teach me, Heaven, with lenity to scan  
 The imperfections of thy creature Man;

\* See Doctor ADAMS's Essay in answer to HUME.

Freely to give him praise, where praise is due,  
 And ever keep thy mercy in my view:  
 Not, wedded to a system, swear that He  
 Deserves damnation, who dissents from me;  
 Tho' he may think each sacred truth a lie,  
 Nor hope Salvation on such terms, as I,  
 When such a Being acts on Reason's plan  
 The useful Citizen, the honest Man;  
 When sense, like HUME's, o'er prejudice prevails  
 To live those doctrines, which his pen affails;  
 My heart must pity, tho' she can't approve,  
 And with her pity mingle generous love.

But, when I see a Miscreant, highly blest  
 Of Heaven, break the flagitious jest  
 On that kind hand, which struck him into life,  
 And still conducts him through this world of strife;  
 Yes, when I see him with unblushing front  
 The Majesty of God himself confront;

With



With blind befotted heart look round on all  
 The wonders, which adorn this goodly Ball;  
 Still greater wonders, which adjoining lie  
 Within the prospect of the human eye;  
 In Reason's spite if he deny their laws,  
 And overlook the universal Cause;  
 Make God's own attributes his impious theme,  
 And (dreadful!) where he should adore, blaspheme;  
 I shudder at the Wretch—my blood runs cold,  
 Nor dares with ripe perdition commerce hold:  
 I dread lest Mercy, tho' supreme, should end;  
 And bid the flaming Thunder-bolt descend.

Each Virtue blossoms on Religion's plan,  
 A love of God begets a love of Man;  
 But one good deed in vain we hope to find,  
 Where all Religion's banish'd from the mind.

Hence on mankind the worst of ills descend,  
 The fawning Sycophant, th' insidious Friend,

K

Th'

Th' ungrateful Son, the base unnatural Sire,  
 Who laughs tho' infant-innocence expire;  
 The Tyrant, who considers Men, as things,  
 Form'd for the pleasure, or the pride of Kings;  
 The rebel-rout, with every desperate tool,  
 Who'd spurn at Princes, shou'd perfection rule.

Hence do we see in this delightful Isle,  
 Where sport the Loves, where all the Graces smile;  
 Where Heaven's best gifts, thrown lavish o'er the land,  
 Th' exulting song of gratitude demand;  
 Even here—Ah, me! so black a deed to speak  
 Drives the warm crimson from the Muse's cheek,  
 Damps all her ardor—fain the Muse would hide  
 Our foulest blot—the moon-struck Suicide:  
 Thankless for mercies shown, and blessings given,  
 Braving the vengeance of insulted Heaven,  
 Lo, without cause in deep disgust with life,  
 At his own bosom aim'd the murdering knife!

Hence



Hence every deed, which, born of blackest night,  
 Makes Virtue weep, and gives her foes delight;  
 Hence (nor let Criticism profound in haste  
 Opine, that such are destitute of Taste)  
 The WILKES's, FOXES, and the righteous few,  
 Law and Religion ever in their view,  
 For their poor Country smit with pious cares,  
 Kindly neglectful of their own affairs,  
 With spotless heart and unpolluted hand  
 Dispel corruption from this venal land:  
 RICHMOND's proud Duke shall clank his golden chair;  
 Nor GORDON blow Sedition's trump in vain;  
 Lo, at their tongue the tongues of Clamour rise,  
 And Anarchy's rude voice invades the skies!

Thou lovely Virtue, Patriotism by name,  
 The knave's best cloak, the honest man's best fame!  
 The time has been, thy spirit-stirring breath  
 Could animate beyond a dread of death;

The

The falling cause of Freedom to defend  
 Could bravely stab the Tyrant in the Friend;  
 Could, spite of Nature, act the patriot-part,  
 And steel against his Sons a Father's heart.

How chang'd is She, whose modern JANUS' mien  
 In full length at St. STEPHEN'S may be seen;  
 Whether a perfum'd Fop purloin a seat,  
 Or sweaty Oil-man from THAMES' favoury street;  
 Whether in pay She spaniel it at Court,  
 Or out of pay the *Bill of Rights* support,  
 Still is her cause the cause of solid sense:  
 The Taste of Patriots is a Taste for Pence.

PART



## P A R T V.

*Mathematical knowledge the Fashion at CAMBRIDGE---Eminence therein unreasonably expected from Undergraduates indiscriminately, to the neglect of other studies, and the various talents supplied by Nature---Great respect however due to many Characters of distinguished Learning and Utility.*

**B**Y some capricious stroke of Fortune's hand,  
 Tho' by the depth of old Experience plann'd,  
 Those very Institutions, meant to bless,  
 And, past a fear, confirm our happiness,  
 Far from the point, they aim at, blindly swerve;  
 And injure Merit, when they strive to serve.

Without offence might Fancy's eye pervade  
 The learned gloom of Academic shade;  
*All on the marge where quivering Osiers play,*  
 And drowsy CAMUS winds his muddy way;  
 There might she stray, a moment unconfin'd,  
 And (if she dare) indulge a sigh to find  
 The generous Lad; whom hapless genius warms,  
 Quite banish'd from unnatural ALMA's arms;

L

While

While bastard-Dulness, partially carest,  
 Hangs like a viper at his Mother's breast;  
 To surfeit gorg'd from Bounty's flowing horn,  
 Shames the kind hand, which Genius would adorn:  
 He, doom'd to drudge in syllogistic Schools,  
 And measur'd by the scale, that measures fools,  
 With active mind to Form's dull circle chain'd,  
 Fails of the prize, by every Dunce obtain'd.

Hence Folly's favourite sons by flow degrees  
 Sprout into Doctors, and by well-plac'd fees  
 DEANS, MASTERS, POTENTATES—with every name,  
 That echos sweetly thro' the fields of Fame:  
 Hence all the motley tribe in nature's spite  
 Read as Philosophers, as Poets write:  
 Hence every Muse her sweetest nosegay brings,  
 Adapted to the softest sense of Kings,  
 And as to Court the well-drest Ladies run  
 To hail the rising, wail the setting Sun,  
 Sprightly the Stanzas trip, or faintly flow  
 In all the lovely luxury of wo.



Is this the Seat, by every Muse belov'd,  
 Where Science thrives, by Time and Taste improv'd?  
 This the kind Soil, where Merit strikes deep root,  
 And, warm'd with culture, ripens into fruit?  
 The Paradise, where MILTON us'd to stray,  
 While Angels listen'd to his lofty lay?  
 These the blest Shades, a second MOSES trod,  
 Where NEWTON held deep converse with his God;  
 The sacred code of Nature's laws unfurl'd,  
 And threw new light on this enlighten'd world?

Oh! Thou bright beam of Knowledge unconfin'd,  
 How would it wound thy pure ethereal mind  
 To see our modern Fops, of every size,  
 With thine own WARING aim to share the prize!

Yet think not here, the Muse a vixen grown,  
 Sway'd by caprice, and to detraction prone,  
 With envious hand a random censure throws;  
 There are, and she must ever honour those,

Must

Must wish with such to dignify her theme;  
 Who, from the sacred fount of Learning's stream  
 Health to themselves and others largely drawn,  
 Toil it in fur, or take repose in lawn:  
 On whom kind Fortune waits with partial smile,  
 Scattering them, blessings, o'er her favourite Isle,  
 With hand and heart, on Reason's happiest plan,  
 To give God praise, by giving aid to Man:  
 Who stem oppression, and, where virtues grow,  
 The kindly warmth of cultivation throw;  
 Interest at distance far, or that alone  
 Pursu'd, which Honesty declares her own;  
 The race of Glory to advantage run,  
 Who bear the palm, by dint of merit won;  
 To such with joy th' aspiring Muse ascends,  
 And proudly ranks them with her bosom-friends;  
 For such her vocal Shell exalts the blast;  
 For such she twines the Wreath, which ever-green shall last.



Of the Booksellers mentioned in the Title-Page, may be  
had, by the same Writer, the following Poems.

An ESSAY on EDUCATION: In Two Parts. 4to.

An ESSAY on WOMAN. 4to.

SENSIBILITY.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

CODRON and CARA.